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For the National Era. A PORTRAIT.

BY MARY IRVING. She was not born to shine; She would not grace a diadem; Its glare would pale the holier gem

Her pure blue eyes enshrine She was not born to rule; Her sweet lips stammer when they speak The words that make the wilful weak Within the wayward school.

She was not born for fame; Her heart would beat too falteringly To catch, from even flattery An echo of her name.

She was not born to be Only the eyes that look to her Through love, look askingly

But she was born to bless A viewless violet, breathing balm O'er all the summer evening's calm

The timed plending of her eye.

Se principle in the court of the wind what no other must!

Oh! she was born to love! To treasure on the heart and hearth There are not many eyes on earth So mirror heaven above

Yes-she was born to love And be beloved-what needs she more? Thank Heaven, she was not born to soar! Our own, our nestling Dove!

For the National Era. FANNY: A TALE FROM REAL LIFE. BY GRACE GREENWOOD

Fanny Austin stood at the window while the sun was setting—an open, French window, whose flowing white curtains half hid the slender form of the young girl. She was not looking towards the west, though the sunset pa-geant was beautiful to behold—she was look-ing toward the east, not at the shadowy sky. not at the dark, forest-crowned hills, but far away down the dusty road, with her lovely, smiling, expectant eyes. The gold and crimson of sunset passed away, the dews and shades I have somewhere read of, who killed and of twilight came on—and still Fanny stood at the window. A servant entered and lit the lamps, and, as he went out, looked back at the At this moment, a bright little lad of ten tracted daughter silently, but with a fond

glorious June evening came out in heaven.

Fanny steps through the open window into
the piazza, and bends forward, as listening in-Surely she hears the distant gallop of Yes, now it comes across the bridge now comes the gleam of a white horse dashing fanny Austin turns quickly, and re-enters the parlor, where she demurely seats herself at a table, and takes up a book.

Through how many twilights during the past

year had Fanny waited and watched for the coming of that milk-white steed! She had grown to know his gallop across the bridge as ny's lover lived in the city, five miles awayand in all seasons and all weathers came to visit his liege lady on this favorite horse, a beautiful powerful animal. But this was the last time that Fanny would watch with loving anxiousness at that eastern window for the coming of the bold, impetuous rider—for to-morrow

they were to be married.

A sweet ideal of early womanhood was Fan A sweet ideal of early womanhood was Fanny at that moment, with her love-radiating face bent over her book, of whose contents she saw not a word—with the forward fall of her light, wavy hair, half shading her shy, tender, soft blue eyes—with the tremulous play of her parted lips and the vivid flushings of her fair rounded cheek. She was dressed with childlike sim-plicity, in a lawn of that most delicate blue we see in the far sky—with flowing sleeves, half revealing arms of faultless symmetry. Her white neck was uncovered, and, in place of a brooch, she wore at her bosom a bunch of pale blush roses. How her high-beating heart rocked them, and shook out their perfumes!—how eloquently, how fitly, her love spoke in the rise and fall of those rose-buds, and breathed in the fragrance they exhaled!

fragrance they exhaled!

There is a quick step in the hall without—
the door is flung open! Let us look up with
Fanny at him who stands on the threshold.

A figure of medium height, manly yet more
delicate than robust—a face intellectually
handsome, though exceedingly fresh and youthful—the full red lips all smiles, the large brown eyes all tenderness—a deep flush on the slight-ly bronzed check—the dark curly hair somewhat disordered and blown about the broad brow by the fresh night wind; so stood Henry Les ter-but only for an instant stood, a little forward. Fanny rose, half fond, half fearful, the passion of the woman at strife with the shy-ness of the child, to meet his glad embrace. "You are late to-night, dearest," she said.

"Yes; my groomsman, Charles Mason, came to-night. I had not seen him for nearly a year, and so we had many things to talk about. I you so truly, Fanny. Like Juliet, "the more

Such, dear Henry, is the infinite, divine na-ture of love. Did you find the evening

vigorating, the starlight is very pure, and there is a trifle of a moon, you know, just enough to swear by. Oh, Fanny, I never was so happy as to-night! My heart was as the heart of a child, brimming and bubbling over with happi-ness. I sung in riding through the dark pine woods some wild tune, and I know not what

while her lover continued—
I remained so unspeakably happy—some

cold, lonely beds of sleep and dark forgetful-Oh, great Heaven, the agony of the ht!" he cried, hiding his face against Fanny's breast, while tears, that were no re-proach to his manhood, dropped fast upon those pale blush roses.

Fanny bowed her head over him, and said with tender solemnity:

"I am persuaded that neither death, nor

life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, can divide us now, or destroy our love, which is of God. Though I perish to all the universe beside, I can never die to you."

"But ah, Fanny," he replied, with something of the fond waywardness of a loving child, "if I should go first, would you grieve for me any? Would you ever come to my grave to weep, and remember how dearly I loved you?" "For a little while," she added; "not long

Henry looked up bewildered, and she continued, with a quivering lip; "because, dearest, I should so soon be lying by your side. And now," she added, smilingly, "let us talk of brighter things—I never saw you in a mood so melancholy and foreboding. Clouds of all kinds are so forand foreboding. Clouds of all kinds are so foreign to your sunshiny nature. I rode over to our
house with mamma, to-day. Everything is in
perfect order there, now. The last thing I did
was to arrange your books in the little library.
Your dear mother says that she will have the
parlors lit up and tea all ready for us, the evening we get back from the Falls."
"Say the evening we reach home, Fanny! I
want to hear you speak that word, so I may be
sure I am not dreaming of a pleasant, unjet

sure I am not dreaming of a pleasant, quiet home, and a blessed little wife of my own." "Well, then, home—your home—our home, to be presided over by an ignorant little 'childwife, a thousand removes from an angel, but in your love, indeed, 'blessed among women.' Now are you satisfied?"

After receiving her lover's unspoken, yet eloboth so young, so totally inexperienced, and with, to be, one reason such exceeds of proceed that means. I wish we could live like the fairies, on dew and honey; or rather, as the angels live, on pure love. Oh, then, Harry, we could "fare sumptiously every day". But also we are fancy we shall have a funny sort of a menage-

to the bar in about two years. In the mean time, my father will do all he can for us, though he don't esteem early marriages very prudent things. I mean to prove to him that I can be as steady, studious, diligent, and economical, as any plodding, money-making old bachelor in town. I shan't hear of your giving up any of dress! your accustomed luxuries, Fanny, or making your dainty hands hard and unkissable with any sort of work; but I have already given up play-going and cigars, and I think some of sell-ing Selim."
"Never!" cried Fanny. "What! sell the

faithful creature which has borne you so surely and so swiftly to me every blessed Saturday evening in the year? It would make us too much like the reduced and disenchanted couple cooked the very carrier-dove which had flown

fair girl with a pleasant, knowing smile; then | years opened the door, saying: "Sister Fanny. "Oh, then, bring it in here," she replied. The lad vanished, but reappeared in a moment, with the box, which Fanny eagerly opened, and

"This is dear papers gift," she said; "Isn't it beautiful veil, Harry?" "Yes," he answered, "very beautiful. What is it made of—book-muslin?"

Fanny smiled at his ignorance, assuring his that it was of lace, and that of a superior

after a moment's silence.

"Oh, yes, greatly; but it is not pretty as the one you have on. By the way—I think, I am sure, I remember that dress. Isn't it the very

"Yes," answered Fanny, with a bright blush;
"it is rather old-fashioned, now; but I thought,
if you should happen to recollect it, you might

be pleased to have me wear it to-night."

"Dearest Fanny, how good, how just like you,
that was. I have always thought this just the
loveliest dress in the world; the color belongs to you, by the right of your eyes; and, now I think of it, Fanny, can't you be married in

Fanny laughed outright at this, saying that the idea was quite absurd and impossible.

"My milliner meant to have my bridal array quite complete," she said, "for here is the wreath of orange blossoms. What think you of this, Harry?"

"A way with it!" he replied; "there is something stiff, stately, and exotic, in those flowers. Do wear, instead, a few just such rose buds as those in your bosom. They are almost white; they are simple and sweet, and they breathe of home. You will wear them, won't you dear-

"Oh, gladly, for these, too, have their associa-tions. The tree that bore them was your first gift to me. Henry, I would like to humor you about the blue dress also, but that is altogether

out of the question."

As the lovers finally turned away from the table whereon stood the bandbox, their eyes fell upon Willie, Fanny's young brother, who was fast asleep in his chair. Henry laid a hand upon his head; he started up, and, rubbing his eyes, said: "I am sitting up so late

The young man laughed, looked at his watch, and told the lad he might go for the horse at once. Willie darted off to the stable, brought out Selim, but had the pleasure of exercising the beautiful animal for several minutes, in the yard, before its master came forth to claim it. All that time was Henry Lester taking leave of his affianced—always going, but never gone. He felt in his heart a strange, sad yearning—some wild, inexpressible foreboding—a fearful shrinking from the night without, beautiful and peaceful as it was—a something that caused him to snatch Fanny again and again to his heart, as though some dread power, unseen, but darkly felt, were striving to glide between

darkly felt, were striving to glide between them, and part them forever.

At last, Fanny gently unwound his arms from her waist, and took a step backward. He yielded her up with a sad smile, but kissed her once again, and said, "Good night!" Fanny raised her finger, with a gesture, playfully forbidding, and said—"Remember, now, you have kissed Fanny Austin for the last time!"

Henry laughed, and Fanny followed him to

hey would with my hair; teel now, rainly and see how damp it is with dew. I lover bent, not to her ear, but to her lips, and see how damp it is with dew. I lover bent, not to her ear, but to her lips, and so kissed Fanny Austin once more! Then, with a merry laugh and another good night, he dashed through the gate and down the

Fanny soon ascended to her chamber, but she did not retire to rest. Flinging a shawl about her shoulders, she sat down by the window, and looked out upon the night. Then she spoke low to herself, in all the unconscious poetry of love—"How far the stars can see with their clear, unveiled eyes, so high in heaven! but I cannot believe that in all the vast universe they behold a happier child of the All-Father than I." She looked downward—she could not see the roses, but she drank in their fragrance, and said—"As the roses sweeten all the night air, so love sweetens life for me. Oh, gracious Ged, I bless Thee alike for those far, rolling worlds whose light is yet on our homes, and for the earth—brightness of flowers—for life, and, more than all, for love."

her head upon the window-sill before her. Sud-denly she started, leaned forward, and listened eagerly. She was sure she heard her own name called, in an imploring voice. It seemed to caperly. She was sure she heard her own name called, in an imploring voice. It seemed to sound from the ravine, beyond the hill. Once more it came—a wild, sorrowful, piercing cry. It was Henry's voice. She stole down stairs.

passed noiselessly through that eastern window. and ran down the road. She was not mis-taken; for a little way beyond the bridge Selim was standing, with his head drooped sadly over his master, who was lying on the grass of

As Fanny passed over the bridge, she say that a plank had been broken through. She flung herself down by her lover, crying Henry, dearest Henry, are you much hurt? He seemed to have fainted; but he soon re

vived, and, looking up, exclaimed, brokenly, Oh, Fanny, have you come! Now, it will not be so hard to die. "Dear Henry, don't talk so. I hope you are not badly hurt."

"Fanny, I am mortally hurt. Selim broke through the bridge, and threw me, cutting my head here in the temple—then, in extricating himself he fell on me with all his weight. I afterwards got strength to crawl out of the dust on to this grass, and to call you twice but, Fanny, Fanny, I know I am dying-my

breast seems all crushed in, and my lungs seem "Oh, then, let me run or shout aloud fo

No, dearest," he whispered, "only take me in your arms, and let me die on your bosom, under the stars-alone with you, I have strength even to die."

Then Fanny, bewildered, broken-hearted, but strangely calm raised Henry's head, and pillowed it on her breast. Those thick curls she had seen so little while ago, all bright with quent response, Fanny laughingly resumed: "I dew, were now dark and heavy, with blood trickling from a severe wound in the temple. sumptiously every day. But, alas, we are dent, girlish heart had been storing up for the only a poor pair of mortals, and so we must be use of the wife, through years of trial, sorrow, ous and prudent, and rub along as we and ever-deepening affection. Then she wept and prayed, and folded that poor, wounded "Why, Fanny, dear, I am not so very young; head against her breast, as though to stanch I was twenty last march. I shall be admitted the blood, which only flowed the faster for the warmth; it stained all her bosom, and turned those pale blush roses to deepest crimson Henry, who seemed to have been again insensible, suddenly opened his eyes, and whis-"My blood will spoil that beautiful blue

"would to God it flowed from my own heart! Would to God I could die for you, or with you, for I cannot, will not, stay in this dark world when you are gone, Henry; for my life is in "My dearest, do not grieve so bitterly; some

thing tells me, even now, that we shall not be long parted—only be patient love, for a little while." After lying quite silent for some moments, looking upward, he exclaimed, almost in his

"My spirit is passing, Fanny-Heaven is ready, now—all the stars seem to have rushed together, and formed one great central bright-

reaching up his arms, and winding them about her neck, he murmured, "Kiss me once more, my Fanny, my dear, only love, my wife; once more—good night!"

As he breathed these words a stream of blood, looking so fearfully black in the dim star-light, poured from his lips, his arms dropped, and Henry Lester was dead!

Then Fanny fell forward upon his breast, and sent forth shriek after shriek, so fearful and niceoing that every slumberer in her home was

piercing that every slumberer in her home was roused, and guided by the voice of her long

pent-up agony, came to look upon the piteous sight of her awful bereavement. In that pleasant parlor where but an hour before had set the betrothed lovers, in life and love, in love's most blessed hope and most unutterable joy, was now extended the form of one, ghastly, bleeding dead; while over it hung the pale, distracted face of her who kept all night her watch of speechless, tearless, unima-ginable sorrow.

Fanny Austin could not follow her lover to

the grave. After her last lingering look upon his face, as he lay in his coffin, she for the first time fainted. She was borne to her room, where she remained insensible for some hours. That night, she said to her mother, who watch-

ed at her side"Where have they laid Henry?" "In the southwest corner of the grave-yard, under the large elm tree," was the reply. All the succeeding day, Fanny's grief was bitter and despairing, but at night she was calmer, and earnestly desired to be left quite alone. Early earnestly desired to be left quite alone. Early
the next morning, her mother went to her chamber and was surprised to find her looking much
like her former self, and speaking almost cheerfully; but towards night she relapsed into fits
of passionate weeping, a most desolate and hopeless grieving. Again, with sleep seemed to come peace, even an exaltation of spirit, which endur-ed only for the morning hours—and so it con-tinued throughout the week. The poor child gave her mother a beautiful explanation of this mystery. "Every night," she said "my Henry mystery. "Every night," she said "my Henry comes to me in a vision. He folds me in his arms, and lays his hand on my hot forehead, and looks so pitifully into my eyes; he wipes away my tears and comforts me, oh, so divinely! He looks as he always did on earth—only yet more beautiful. I was so proud of his beauty, mother, that I did not think it possible he could grow more beautiful even in heaven. mother, that I did not think it possible he could grow more beautiful, even in heaven; but he seems so in my dream. He gives me strength and joy to sustain me till we meet again; but I am so weak, that before the long day is through, it leaves me. Yet, he never fails to come to me, or draw me to him—I scarce know which. I seem in a state like that of the

and content."

A strange rumor spread through the neighborhood, and finally reached the family of Fanny, that some belated travellers, had seen in the midst of the night, a shape of shining white, gliding about the grave of Henry Lester.
But no one among his friends was so superstitions as to heed the story.

On Saturday night, just one week from the
time of the heart-breaking tragedy, Fanny's

from her waist, and took a step backward. He yielded her up with a sad smile, but kissed her once again, and said. "Good night!" Fanny raised her finger, with a gesture, playfully forbidding, and said.—"Remember, now, you have kissed Fanny Austin for the last time!"

Henry laughed, and Fanny followed him to the door to see him off. She patted the impatient Selim on the neck, and whispered to him to bear his master safely, very salely.

As Henry gathered up the reins, and was about starting, he said, suddenly, with a glance at Willie.—"Oh, Fanny, a word in your ear!"
She drew nearer, and put up her face.—her lover bent, not to her ear, but to her lips, and her face upon the mound, and one arm flang to the control of the heart-breaking tragedy, Fanny's father, who was a physician, was riding home-ward some time after twelve, and as he was passing the grave-yard, in sight of his house, he was startled to observe some white object at the grave of young Lester. Dr. Austin was a truly brave man, and, after a moment of indecision, he dismounted and entered the lonely burial-place. The appearance at the grave grew more and more distinct, as he drew softly near. It was a human form prone upon the earth! One moment more, he had reached the spot, and found his own daughter Fanny, in her bridal in the control of the heart-breaking tragedy, Fanny's father, who was a physician, was riding home-ward some time after twelve, and as he was passing the grave-yard, in sight of his house, he was startled to observe some white object at the grave of young Lester. Dr. Austin was a truly brave man, and, after a moment of indecision, he dismounted and entered the lonely burial-place. The appearance at the grave grew more and more distinct, as he drew softly near. It was a human form prone upon the earth! One moment more, he had reached the spot, and her face—her lover bent, not to her ear. It was a human form prone upon the earth! One moment more, he had reached the spot, and her face—her lover bent, not to her limited to bear the grav he called her name, laying his hand on her arm—but she did not rise, or move. Then, looking more closely in her face, he saw that she was sleeping the strange, wonderful sleep of the somnambulist. He raised her gently in his arms, and was about to hear her homeward, when the name is a superful to the superful sleep of the superful sleep of the superful sleep of the superful supe

As Fanny gave utterance to this solemn ec- and spirit. She seemed to utterly lack the thrice blessed once blessed in receiving, twice got any select men, or anybody to interfere and because it is used in a way infinitely better than tacy of a religious and loving heart, she bowed miraculous sustainment she had known at in giving.

father and mother, and cleave unto his wife?" Can a wife do less for her husband ! Mother, God has wedded me to Henry; my soul so cleaves to his, that they cannot be separated; and when he calls I must go to him, even from

At a later period she said, "Mother, dear, I want you to see that no ghostly shroud is put on me, but a soft, white muslin dress; and fold my bridal veil about me, and put white roses in my hair, that all may know that I am his bride, my hair, that all may know that I am his bride, and not Death's. And oh, mother, keep very sacred the blue lawn I wore on that last night, and never let them wash Henry's blood out of it. Most of all, I want you to promise me to plant, with your own hand, that blush-rose-tree that Henry gave me, between him and me, so that the roses will fall upon us both."

Before the leaves of the clim tree over Henry Lexer's grave were griddened by the authurn

Lester's grave were goldened by the autumn frosts, his Fanny was lying at his side. When June came round again, the grass was long and green, and the rose-tree grew more beautiful than ever there; and when the evening winds shook the branches, they scattered a sweet lar-gess of leaves upon the mounds, and swung out a fragrance on the air sweeter than aught else, ave the memory of the lovers sleeping below

Often has my mind dwelt long and deeply on those dreams, which were yet no dreams—those sweet, exalted visions, those trances of love and sorrow, which drew that tender and delicate girl, arrayed in her bridal dress, night after night, to the lonely grave of her betrothed. Oh, beautiful, adorable mystery of love! Oh, grave, where was here thy victory! Oh, mortality, where the might of thy prison walls! As of old, an angel came in the night-time, and

led forth the prisoner.

There is, there is, a wondrous, hidden MS within on all disper and trange which we have an every-day understanding and consciousness-a life triumphant over death and pain and sorrow—all the mournful conditions of our mortal being. When they who loved the maiden would have feared her suffering from the night-darkness and cold, with the grosser physical senses sealed, she walked in light inef-fable, and breathed the soft airs, the balm of celestial day. When the chill dews descended on her delicate frame, she was shielded, folded about by arms of immortal tenderness; when her soft cheek lay against the hard grave-mound, she was hiding her rapt, contented face in the bosom of her love.

> For the National Era. THE ISLAND OF DELOS.

Whose crystal flood the shores of Grecia laves, There is one little spot-one sacred isle-Which Peace forever blesses with her smile.

And nations trembled at the trumpet's blast; When horses' hoofs were heard, and armor's clang. And angry hosts to deadly combat sprang; No dread war-cloud on that horizon rose.

No battle din disturbed its calm repose.

No direful trophies of the warrior's toil

Graced its fuir palaces and lovely domes Waved over harvests yielding rich increase From crystal founts the murmuring waters flowed

No shield, no spear, no dazzling helm they bore For, while upon its sacred soil they stood, E'en warring nations owned a common broi

When all earth's nations, gathered to one fold, Shall never learn of war's dread science more-The trumpet's voice be hushed, and stilled the ea

With fruits and flowers yielding rich perfume The Bethel flag shall wave from sea to sea,

And the whole earth a sacred Delos be. MECHANISM .- No. XIX.

Let there be light, was the first command is another command from the same authority.

Except for the first command, this world might as well not have been. Except for the second, or the spirit of it, the first must have been comparatively without an object. Physical light was the object of the first command; moral

light that of the second.

Giving light is perhaps the highest object of human or divine aim. While it is the highest object, it is also probably the richest source of object, it is also probably the richest source of happiness. To communicate is with all a source of pleasure; most of all to the young and unadulterated. With children, narrative is graphic; because simple, fresh, and truthful. A case. A girl of five years, on being asked what she did at school, replied, "I say A and B, and sit on a bench." Truth coming fresh from such a gushing fountain affords rich pleasure to the receiver, and still righer to the giver. The documents

receiver, and still richer to the giver. The doctrine that "it is more blessed to give than to receive" is of old and high authority. This is especially true in giving light, as giving is not diminishing, but the richest mode of increasing. These are great truths to all; most of all to those selected to fit the young for their future vocations, by enlightened minds and elevated characters. In an address before a congregation of Washington schools, by B. B. French, President of the city Board of Aldermen, he remarked "To drick in learning is one thing, to narked, "To drink in learning is one thing; to marked, "To drink in learning is one thing; to pour it out for the benefit of others is quite another thing. Information, simply to be retained, is like the westth of the miser." The knowledge miser is even more unfortunate than the money miser; as the less he gives, the less he has. In the New York schools, where sending light abroad is a part of their system, it is a uniform fact that those which diffuse most light abroad shine brightest at home. What is true of schools is of course true with the individual pupils composing those schools. Those who give little have little; those who give much have much. Among the numerous teachers have much. Among the numerous teachers and parents in Washington, whose pupils and children have prepared specimens of their im-provement for the express object of aiding the the highest pleasure of rich delight and rapid progress as the results. Without a word on the question of "corporal punishment," teachers can be assured that by permitting their pupils to enjoy the pleasure, feel the dignity, and acquire the light arising from imparting light to others—making regular offerings to patriotism and to science—they will find no occasion or place for corporal punishment. The whole school will be high above it.

The richest fields for acquiring knowledge to impart again are those of nature and art—science applied to human pursuits; most of all to agriculture and mechanism. In each of these pursuits there is a boundless field for acquiring the richest knowledge, made still richer by imparting it to others. For thus imparting light, opportunities are never wanting. Teachers' institutes, school superintendents, members of Congress, of State Legislatures, and Government functionaries of every class and grade, agricultural and mechanics' fairs, and most of all and for all, "Industrial Exhibitions" for the schools of the country, and the whole country, to be

EXPERIMENT. — Specimens of mechanism, drawing, minerals, and other productions of nature and art, were sent some time since from the New York schools to Palestine, and to several islands in the Mediterranean. In return were received specimens of the "sling stone," supposed to be of the same kind as that used by David in his conflict with Goliath; also, some of the "husks which the swine did eat," referred to in the parable of the Prodigal Son, and several others of interesting Bible associations.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW.] For the National Era. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Our friend Tom, who had been in the kitch en during the conversation with the old rusk woman, had followed her out into the street. He saw her go on, giving every once in a while a suppressed groan. At last she sat her bas-ket down on a door-step, and began arranging the old, faded shawl which covered her shoul-

ders.
"Pil carry your basket a piece," said Tom compassionately.
"Why should ye?" said the woman. don't want no help."

"You seem to be sick, or in trouble, or some

thin," said Tom.
"I aint sick," said the woman, shortly. "I wish," said Tom, looking at her earne "I wish I could persuade you to leave off drinking. Don't you know it will be the ruin of ye.

ody and soul? "I knows I'm gwine to torment," said the woman, sullenly. "Ye don't need to tell me that ar. "Is ugly—Is wicked—Is gwine streight to torment. Oh, Lord! I wish Is there!"

St. Chare's line countenance was for a moment overcast; he looked annoyed, but suddenly calling up a gay smile, he said:

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"Come, countenance was for a moment overcast; he looked annoyed, but suddenly calling up a gay smile, he said:

Tom shuddered at these frightfill words spo ken with a sullen, impassioned earnestness. "Oh, Lord have mercy on ye! poor crittur. Haint ye never heard of Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ—who's he?" "Why, he's the Lord," said Tom.

judgment and torment. I've heard o' that."
"But didn't anybody ever tell you of the
Lord Jesus, that loved us poor sinners, and died "Don't know nothin bout that," said the wo

"I think I've hearn tell o' the Lord and the

man; "nobody haint never loved me, since my old man died." Where was you raised?" said Tom. "Up in Kentuck. A man kept me to bree chil'en for market, and sold em as fast as they got big enough; last of all, he sold me to a spec-

dator, and my mass'r got me o' him." "What set you into this bad way of drink "To get shet o' my misery. I had one child after I come here, and I thought then I'd have one to raise, cause mass'r was't a speculator. It was de peartest little thing! and missis she seemed to think a heap on't at first; it never cried; it was likely and fat. But missis tuck and my milk all left me, and the child it pined do anything that you did not think quite to skin and bone, and missis wouldn't buy milk right?" for it. She wouldn't hear to me when I telled

ick, and I tended her; and I tuck the fever, for it. She wouldn't hear to me when I telled her I hadn't milk. She said she knowed I ophelia, rattling her needles with energy. "So do I," said St. Clare, peeling his orang child kinder pined, and cried, and cried, and cried, day and night, and got all gone to skin and bones, and missis got sot agin it, and she said 'twant nothin but crossness. She wished it was dead, she said; and she wouldn't let me made me sleep in her room, and I had to put it way off in a little kind o' garret, and thar it cried itsef to death one night. It did; and I tuck to drinkin to keep its crying out of my ears. I did—and I will drink. I will, if I do

go to torment for it. Mass'r says I shall go to torment, and I tell him I've got thar now."

"Oh, ye poor crittur!" said Tom, "haint nobody never telled ye how the Lord Jesus loved ye, and died for ye? Haint they telled ye that he'll help ye, and ye can go to heaven, and have rest at last?"

"I looks like gwine to heaven," said the w man; "aint thar where white folks is gwine—spose they'd have me than? I'd rather go to torment, and get away from mass'r and missis I had so," she said, as, with her usual groan she got her basket on her head, and walked sullenly away.

Tom turned, and walked sorrowfully back

to the house. In the court, he met little Evaa crown of tuberoses on her head, and her eyes radiant with delight. Oh, Tom, here you are. I'm glad I've found Papa says you may get out the ponies and take me in my little, new carriage," she said, catching his hand. "But what's the mat

ter, Tom—you look sober ?"
"I feel bad, Miss Eva," said Tom, sorrowfully. "But I'll get the horses for you."
"But do tell me, Tom, what is the

I saw you talking to cross old Prue.' Tom, in simple, earnest phruse, told Eva the woman's history. She did not exclaim, or wonder, or weep, as other children do. Her cheeks grew pale, and a deep, earnest shadow passed over her eyes. She laid both hands on her bosom, and sighed heavily.

"Tom, you needed to get me the norses."

"Why not, Miss Eva?"

"These things sink into my heart, Tom," said Eva—"they sink into my heart," she repeated, earnestly. "I don't want to go;" and she turned from Tom, and went into the house.

"Tom, you needn't get

A few days after, another woman came in old Prue's place, to bring the rusks; Miss Ophelia was in the kitchen.
"Lor!" said Dınah, "what's got Prue?" "Prue isn't coming any more," said the

man, mysteriously.
"Why not?" said Dinah. "She ain't dea We doesn't exactly know. She's down cel r," said the woman, glancing at Miss Ophelia After Miss Ophelia had taken the rusks, Di

ah followed the woman to the door.

"What has got Prue, any how?" she said.
The woman seemed desirous, yet reluctan
o speak, and answered in a low, mysteriou

got drunk agin—and they had her down cel-lar—and a drefful time—and thar they left her all day, and I hearn 'em saying that the flics had got to her—and she's dead ! 5 Dinah held up her hands, and, turning, saw close by her side the spirit-like form of Evange line, her large, mystic eyes dilated with horror, and every drop of blood driven from her lips

and cheeks.
"Lor bless us! Miss Eva's gwine to faint away! What got us all, to let her har such talk! Her Pa'll be rail mad." "I shan't faint, Dinah," said the child, firm ly; "and why shouldn't I hear it? It ain't s uch for me to hear it as for poor Prue to suf

ladies like you—these yer stories isn't enough to kill 'em!"

enough to kill 'em!"

Eva sighed again, and walked up stairs with a slow and melancholy step.

Miss Ophelia anxiously inquired the woman's story. Dinah gave a very garrulous version of it, to which Tom added the particulars which he had drawn from her that morning.

"An abominable business! perfectly horrible!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room where St. Class has reading the state of th where St. Clare lay reading his paper. "Pray, what iniquity has turned up

interfering; there is no law that amounts to anything practically, for such a case. The best we can do is to shut our eyes and ears, and let it alone. It's the only resource left us." "How can you shut your eyes and ears? How

"It is commonly supposed that the propert

interest is a sufficient guard in these cases. If

people choose to ruin their own possessions, I

don't know what's to be done. It seems the

so there won't be much hope to get up sympa-

gustine. It will certainly bring down vengeance

upon you!"
"My dear cousin, I didn't do it, and I can't

help it; I would if I could. If low-minded,

brutal people will act like themselves, what am I to do! They have absolute control: they are ir-

responsible despots; there would be no use in

'It is perfectly outrageous! it is horrid! Au-

can you let such things alone ?"
"My dear child, what do you expect? Here s a whole class-debased, uneducated, indolent, provoking—put without any sort of terms or conditions entirely into the hands of such peo-ple as the majority in our world are: people who have neither consideration nor self-control, who haven't even an enlightened regard to their own interest—for that's the case with the largest half of mankind. Of course, in a community so organized, what can a man of honorable and humane feelings do but shut his eyes all he can, and harden his heart? I can't buy every poor wretch I see. I can't turn knight-errant, and undertake to re-dress every individual case of wrong in such a city as this. The most I can do is to try and

CHAPTER XIX .- St. Clare's History and Opin-

keep out of the way of it."

St. Clare's fine countenance was for a n Come cousin don't stand there looking like one of the Fates; you've only seen a peep going on the world over, in some shape or other. If we are to be prying and spying into all the dismals of life, we should have no heart to anything. 'Tis like looking too close into the de-

tails of Dinah's kitchen;" and St. Clare lay back on the sofa, and busied himself with his knitting work, and sat there grim with indig-nation. She knit and knit, but while she mused the fire burned; at last she broke out-

"I tell you, Augustine, I can't get over things so, if you can; it's a perfect abomination for you to defend such a system; that's my mind."
"What now?" said St. Clare, looking up.
"At it again, hey?" "I say it's perfectly abominable for you to

defend such a system," said Miss Ophelia, with increasing warmth. "I defend it, my dear lady; whoever said did defend it ?" said St. Clare. "Of course you defend it—you all do—all you Southerners. What do you have slaves for, if

"Are you such a sweet innocent as to suppo nobody in this world ever does what they don't think is right? Don't you, or didn't you ever

"If I do I repent of it, I hope," said Miss What do you keep on doing it for ?

"Didn't you ever keep on doing wrong after ou'd repented, my good cousin?" "Well, only when I've been very much temptsaid Miss Ophelia.
Weft, I'm very much tempted,"

Clare; "that's just my difficulty."
"But I always resolve I won't, and I try to

on, these ten years," said St. Clare, "but I haven't, somehow, got clear. Have you got clear of all your sins, cousin!" "Cousin Augustine," said Miss Ophelia, seriously, and laying down her knitting work, "I
suppose I deserve that you should reprove my
short-comings. I know all you say is true
enough; nobody feels them more than I do;
but it does seem to me, after all, there is some
difference between me and you. It seems to
me I would cut off my right hand sooner than
keen on, from day to day doing what I it. keep on, from day to day, doing what I thought was wrong. But then my conduct is so incon-sistent with my profession, I don't wonder you

reprove me."
"Oh, now, cousin," said Augustine down on the floor, and laying his head back in her lap, "don't take on so awfully serious! You know what a good-for-nothing, saucy boy I al-ways was. I love to poke you up—that's all— just to see you get earnest. I do think you are desperately, distressingly good; it tires me to death to think of it."

"But this is a serious subject, my boy, Auguste," said Miss Ophelia, laying her hand on his forehead.

"Dismally so," said he: "and I —— well, I

never want to talk seriously in hot weather; what with mosquitoes and all, a fellow can't get himself up to any very sublime moral flights; and I believe," said St. Clare, suddenly rousing himself up, "there's a theory now! I under-stand now why Northern nations are always

"Oh, Auguste, you are a sad rattle-brain."

"Am I? Well, so I am, I suppose; but for once I will be serious now; but you must hand me that basket of oranges—you see—you'll have to "stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples," if I'm going to make this effort. Now," said Augustin, drawing the basket up, "Fll begin: When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a fellow to hold two or three dozen of his fellow worms in cantivity, a decent regard to the opinions of soety require"——
"I don't see that you are growing more seri-

"I don't see that you are growing more serious," said Miss Ophelia.
"Wait—I'm coming on—you'll hear. The short of the matter is, cousin, said he, his handsome face suddenly settling into an earnest and serious expression, "on this abstract question of Slavery the can, as I think, be but one opinion. Planters, who have money to make by it—clergymen, who have planters to please—politicism." cians, who want to rule by it, may warp and bend language and ethics to a degree that shall astonish the world at their ingenuity: they can press nature and the Bible, and nobody knows what else, into the service; but, after all, nei-ther they nor the world believe in it one parti-cle the more. It comes from the Devil—that's the short of it—and, to my mind, it's a pretty

Miss Ophelia stopped her knitting, and looked surprised; and St. Clare, apparently enjoying her astonishment, went on.

"You seem to wonder; but if you will get me fairly at it, I'll make a clean breast of it. This cursed business, accursed of God and man, what is it? Strip it of all its ornament, run it down to the root and nucleus of the whole, and what is it? Why, because my brother Quashy is ignorant and weak, and I am intelligent and strong—because I know how, and can do it, therefore I may steal all he has, keep it, and give him only such and so much as saits my fancy. Whatever is too hard, too dirty, too it, and give him only such and so much as suits my fancy. Whatever is too hard, too dirty, too disagreeable for me, I may set Quashy to doing. Because I don't like work, Quashy shall work! Because the sun burns me, Quashy shall stay in the sun. Quashy shall earn the money, and I will spend it. Quashy shall lie down in every puddle, that I may walk over dryshod. Quashy shall do my will, and not his, all the days of his mortal life, and have such chance of getting to heaven at last as I find conve-

it is. For pity's sake, for shame's sake, be-cause we are men born of women, and not savage beasts, many of us do not, and dare not, we would scorn to use the full power which our savage laws put into our hands. And he who poor creature was a thief and a drunkard, and goes the farthest, and does the worst, only uses, within limits, the power that the law gives

St. Clare had started up, and, as his manne was when excited was walking with hurried steps up and down the floor. His fine face, classic as that of a Greek statue, seemed actu-ally to burn with the fervor of his feelings His large blue eyes flashed, and he gesture with an unconscious engerness. Miss Ophelia had never seen him in this mood before, and

she sat perfectly silent.

"I declare to you," said he, suddenly stopping before his cousin, ("it's no sort of use to talk or to feel on this subject,) but I declare to you, there have been times when I have thought if the whole country would sink, and hide all this injustice and misery from the light, I would willingly sink with it. When I have been travelling up and down on our boats, or about on my collecting tours, and reflected that every orutal, disgusting, mean, low-lived fellow I met was allowed by our laws to become absolute despot of as many men, women, and children, as he could cheat, steal, or gamble money enough to buy—when I have seen such men in actual ownership of helpless children, of young girls and women, I have been ready to curse my country-to curse the human race! "Augustine! Augustine!" said Miss Ophe

lia, "I'm sure you've said enough. I never in my life heard anything like this, even at the North. "At the North!" said St. Clare, with a sudden change of expression, and resuming some thing of his habitual careless tone. Pooh your Northern folks are cold-blooded; you are cool in everything! You can't begin to curse up hill and down as we can, when we get fair-

Well, but the question is," said Miss Ophe

deuce of a question it is! How came you in this state of sin and misery? Well, I shall answer in the good old words you used to teach me Sundays. I came so by ordinary genera-tion. My servants were my father's, and, what s more, my mother's; and now they are mine, they and their increase, which bids fair to be pretty considerable item. My father, you know, came first from New England, and he was just such another man as your father—a regular old Roman—upright, energetic, noble-minded, with an iron will. Your father settled down in New England, to rule over rocks and stones, and to force an existence out of Nature and mine settled in Louisiana, to rule over men and women, and force existence out of them My mother," said St. Clare, gotting up and walking to a picture at the end of the room, and gazing upward with a face fervent with veneration, "she was divine! Don't look at me so! you know what I mean! She proba-bly was of mortal birth; but as far as ever I could observe, there was no trace of any human weakness or error about her; and everybody that lives to remember her, whether bond or free, servant, acquaintance, relation, all say the same. Why, cousin, that mother has been all that has stood between me and utter unbelief for years. She was a direct embodiment and personification of the New Testament-a living fact, to be accounted for, and to be accounted mother! mother!" said St. Clare, clasping h hands in a sort of transport; and then suddenly checking himself, he came back, and seating himself on an ottoman by Miss Ophelia, h

you know, that twins ought to resemble each other; but we were in all points a contrast. He had black, fiery eyes—coal-black hair—a strong fine Roman profile—and a rich brown complexion. I had blue eyes, golden hair, a Greek outline, and fair complexion. He was active and observing-I dreamy and inactive He was generous to his friends and equals, proud, dominant, overbearing to inferiors, and utterly unmerciful to whatever set itself up against him. Faithful we both were! he from pride and courage—I from a sort of abstract-ideality. We loved each other about as boys generally do—off and on, and in general—he was my father's pet, and I my mother's.

"There was a morbid sensitiveness and acute-ness of feeling in me on all possible subjects, of which he and my father had no kind of underwhich he and my father had no kind of understanding, and with which they could have no possible sympathy. But mother did; and so, when I had quarrelled with Alfred, and father looked sternly on me, I used to go off to mother's room, and sit by her. I remember just how she used to look, with her pale checks, her deep, soft, scrious eyes, her white dress—she always were white; and I used to think of her whenever I read in Revelations about the saints that were arrayed in fine linen, clean and white. She had a great deal of genius of one sort and another, particularly in music; and she used to sit at her organ, playing fine, old, majestic music of the Catholic church, and singing with a voice more like an angel than a mortal man; and I would lay my head down on her lap, and cry, and dream, and feel—oh, immeas-urably!—things that I had no language to

never been canvassed as it has now; nobody dreamed of any harm in it. "My father was a born aristocrat. I think,

in some pre-existent state, he must have been in the higher circles of spirits, and brought all his old court pride along with him—for it y ingrain, bred in the bone, there he was originated. his old court pride along with him—for it yas ingrain, bred in the bone, thour he says ingrain, bred in the bone, thour he says analy of poor, and not ir old was originally of the world over, has no hume at you know, the world tain line in society an sympathies beyond a cerone place, in Bury. In England the line is in ica in another; than in another, and in America in another of goes over it. What would be class, is a cool distress and injustice in his own My father's distracter of course in another one. Among his equa viding line was that of color, and generous; is, never was a man more just through all pow but he considered the negro, intermediate I saible gradations of color, as any and graded all link between man and animals, on this hypothe, his ideas of justice or generosity body had asked is. I suppose, to be sure, if anythey had human is his plump and fair whether hemmed and hawmmortal souls, he might have father was not a red, and said yes. But my father was not a red, and said yes. But my father was not a red, and said yes. But my father was not a sentiment he is none, beyond a veneration for sentiment he is none.

set of lazy, twaddling, shiftless labouers, wh had grown up all their lives in the absence of every possible motive to learn how to do any-thing but 'shirk,' as you Vermonters say, and you'll see that there might naturally be, on his plantation, a great many things that looked norrible and distressing to a sensitive child like

slab-sided, two-fisted renegade son of Vermont-

of getting to heaven at last as I find convenient. This I take to be about what slavery is. I defy anybody on earth to read our slave code as it stands in our law books, and make anything else of it. Talk of the abuses of slavery! Humbug! The thing itself is the essence of all abuse! And the only reason why the land don't sink under it, like Sodom and Gomorrah, is